

months previous he had been unexpectedly lifted from a small paying clerkship to what was to him positive affluence. His uncle had left him \$10,000 in cash. There was not the trace of an evil streak in his easy-going, harmless nature, but Rodney went mad with delight. He had never had more than a few dollars ahead in all his life and now he imagined himself a Croesus. He furnished a flat, he hired a servant, he purchased an automobile, he fitted out an elegant wardrobe. He became the envy of all the youths of the town.

There were no champagne suppers nor reckless rioting. Rodney simply spent his money. He distributed generously among needy friends, he gave expensive luncheons and trips to near summer resorts.

Quite incidentally he had learned of the existence of the Wilsons and the circumstances surrounding the estate. The result has been shown. He was quick in his convictions, speedy to act. Two days later Rodney took the train for Mayville, the little town where the Wilsons lived.

Inquiry he made upon his arrival emphasized his first information that the Wilsons were very poor and very worthy. He saw a local attorney through whom Wells was to transmit the odd six thousand dollars that was left of the legacy. Then he located the home of the Wilsons.

It was a wretchedly old and rickety cottage at the edge of the town, but it had clean curtains, its little porch floor was white and untracked, the flowers about well trained and trimmed. A young girl who moved his fancy mightily sat on the steps reading to a patient-faced old man. A joyous light shone in the eyes of Rodney Blair. What happiness and comfort was he bringing to these two unfortunates! It was well worth the sacrifice to see them lifted from hard grinding poverty to a competence.

The twain did not see Rodney as he approached. The fair girl concluded

her reading and snuggled up affectionately to her father.

"I can't think of anything but our rare good fortune," Rodney heard her say in a hopeful, happy voice. "Think of it, dear father—twenty dollars a month and board for both of us at the new school post! Oh, how grateful we should be! Life looks all sunshine and roses!"

Twenty dollars a month and serenely happy over it! Rodney stole from the spot. What deserving people! What radiant faith and contentment! Ah, more than ever must he left those two to their rightful position!

He returned to Leighton and the money was sent to the lawyer at Mayville with a full explanation. There came a wire from him the next day: "Miss Wilson refuses to take the money from its rightful owner." Two words only Rodney telegraphed back: "She must."

Then he tried to forget his brief experience in "The Life." He succeeded, except for a memory of the sweet, glowing face of the beautiful girl he had seen at Mayville.

He secured cheap board, he looked for work. His old position was filled. The only job he could find was digging a drainage ditch for a farmer at the edge of the village. To digging, honestly and industriously Rodney applied himself.

He was whistling cheerily two days later, when, four feet down in the excavation, he looked up in surprise, and dazzling at the silvery-toned query:

"This is Mr. Blair, I believe?"

It was the girl of his dreams. He blushed, he bowed, and looked embarrassed.

"I have brought you back your money," she spoke definitely. "We have no right to it, but—never, will we forget the kindness, the most unselfish act that has blessed our lives! There it is."

He put hands steadfastly behind him.